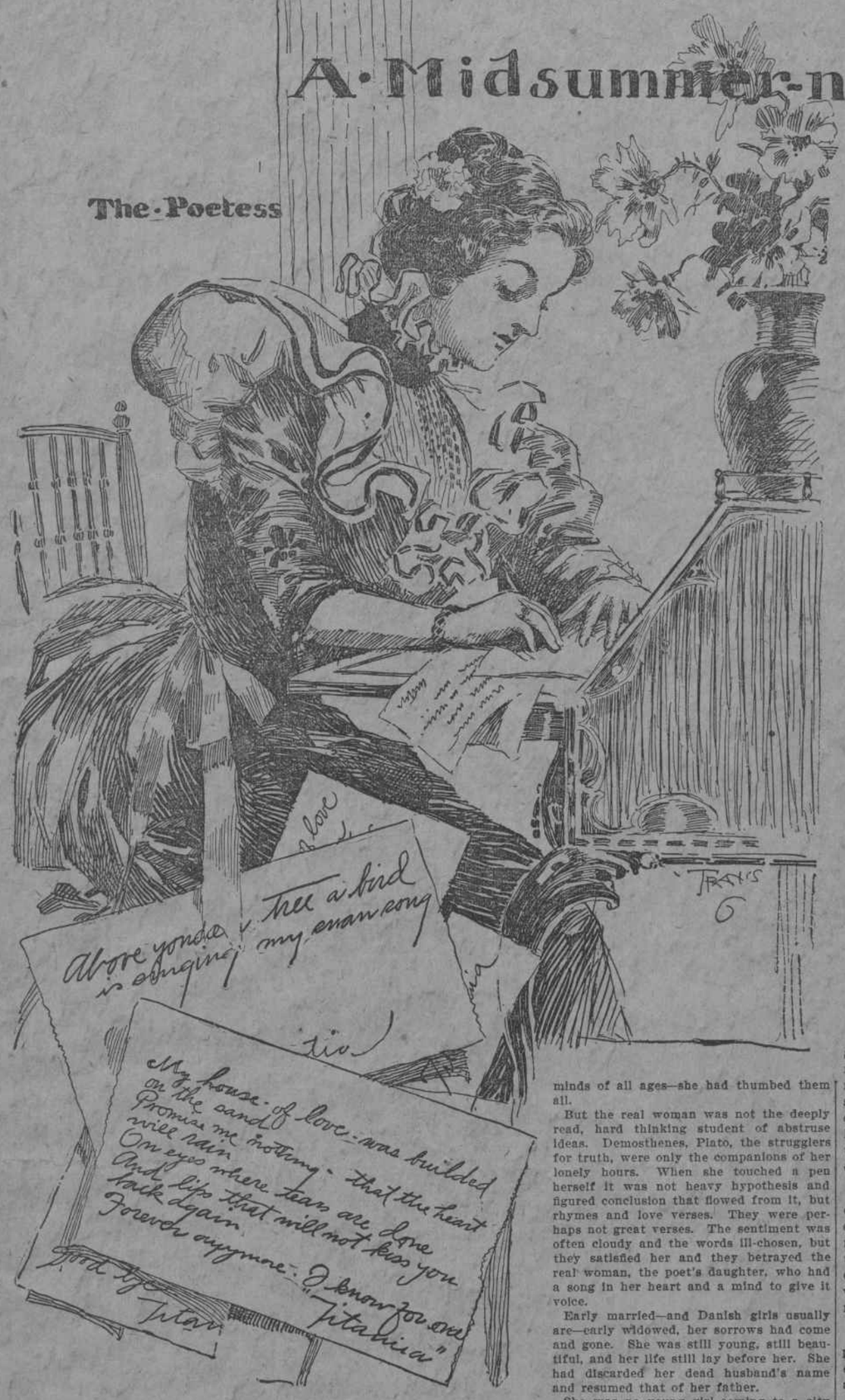
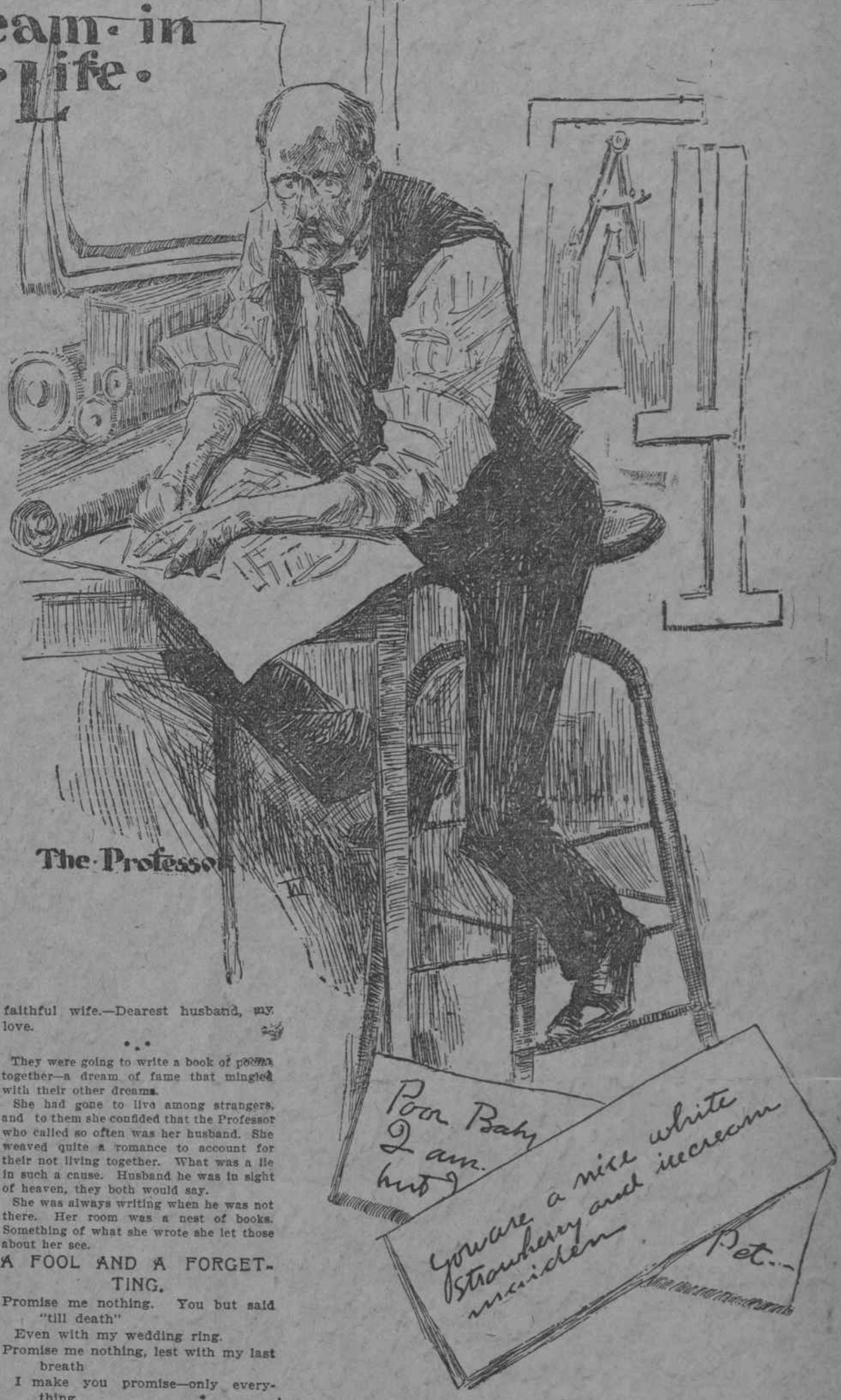
The Awakening of "Titania"

A Midsummer-nights Dream in Real Life.





A Poet's Daughter.

"So tall and fair, my sweet love stood,
And held me close in her round arms,
And kissed my mouth with her warm lips."

—Professor Horace Arnold to Marie Reiss.

She was a woman grown when she came over the sea—a strong, fair, beautiful woman, in love with life and with the world, and yet a dreamer. She lived more in her books than out of them, her taste for reading as much her heritage from her poet father as her dreamy eyes and her vague yearnings.

Her reading was more a man's choice than a woman's. Philosophy, psychical conjecture, the great guesses of the great after deeper things. The Danes take their minds of all ages—she had thumbed them all.

But the real woman was not the deeply read, hard thinking student of abstruse ideas. Demosthenes, Plato, the strugglers for truth, were only the companions of her lonely hours. When she touched a pen herself it was not heavy hypothesis and figured conclusion that flowed from it, but rhymes and love verses. They were perhaps not great verses. The sentiment was often cloudy and the words ill-chosen, but they satisfied her and they betrayed the real woman, the poet's daughter, who had a song in her heart and a mind to give it voice.

Early married—and Danish girls usually are—early widowed, her sorrows had come and gone. She was still young, still beautiful, and her life still lay before her. She had discarded her dead husband's name and resumed that of her father.

She was no young girl coming to a city ignorant of its temptations and its dangers. She was sophisticated, educated, keen-witted. Her dress was always tasteful, always the vogue. By breeding and by habit she was accustomed to the refinements of life. She was altogether interesting, wholesome, pleasant and adaptable. The first friends she made were the ordinary flippant, self-conceited, self-satisfied young people of a big city. She made herself one of them, and their pleasures were ostensibly her pleasures and their ways her ways. But they did not satisfy her. Her instinct was to strive poetry gloomily, and she felt she was a poet. Learning she revered, knowledge she respected, religion she neither knew nor cared for.

Into the little circle she had made for herself came a man, the man who wrote the lines with which this romance begins.

A PROFESSOR OF TECHNOLOGY.

"It is not a romance at all, pet; it is a reality and a reality which it may seem terrible for you to face some day."—From Professor Arnold's letters to Marie Reiss.

Professor Horace L. Arnold—a distinguished sounding name, a name full of suggestion of competence and skill; a name that fits the man who crossed the orbit of the Danish poet's daughter with the big dark eyes and the red gold hair.

He looked the professor—not the bowed backed scientist, but the erect, well-poised man of special knowledge. He was old, but his years set on him like a decoration, not like a burden. He was a gentleman, a wide-awake, end-of-the-nineteenth-century man—clean cut, well dressed, capable. His hair was gray, but gray hair cropped close adds to the appearance of most men.

They would be all in all to each other—a union of souls, the more hallowed because it must be secret; a sweet partnership that the gross world could know nothing about. They would "scale together the heights of intellect" and live with their souls among the clouds. She knew he had a wife and children, but other's rights cannot stand in the way of a union of such spirits.

She believed him. Maybe—you can never tell in these cases—he believed himself.

A POET'S PARTNERSHIP.

My house—of love—was builded on the sand,
Promise me nothing. That the heart will rain
On eyes whose tears are done,
And lips that will not kiss you back again
Forever any more, I know of one.
—Titania to Horace Arnold.

Probably they had their hour in Paradise. It would seem so, for these are fragments from what he wrote her:

And all you can do is to do as every girl "who loves not wisely but too well" must always do—suffer many things for the joy of being loved as a wife seldom is loved. You need not be jealous. That is one thing; and you are loved every minute—that is another thing. And all the rest is wrong—every way.

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After all, Marie, what you want most of all of man is that he should be mad over you every minute, and that makes me hope that you can love me a long time. There never was a man who could weary the soul out of a woman with constant, eternal lovemaking any more selfishly than I can.

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Never fear. I love with a deathless passion. It is the rational, correct lovers that need the support of church and state.

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If we part it will be because you leave me, and I will never be silly enough to dream of love again—never. You do love me. I know that. How you can, or why you do, is more than I can see. You love me and try to please me. I see you do a lot of things to please me—and I am very grateful to you for your kindness. There will never be any vow between us at all. I will never quarrel with you——

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Poor pet—how you must have felt when you wrote. Do love your own faithful wife.—Dearest husband, my love.

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They were going to write a book of poems together—a dream of fame that mingled with their other dreams.

She had gone to live among strangers, and to them she confided that the Professor who called so often was her husband. She weaved quite a romance to account for their not living together. What was a lie in such a cause. Husband he was in sight of heaven, they both would say.

She was always writing when he was not there. Her room was a nest of books. Something of what she wrote she let those about her see.

A FOOL AND A FORGETTING.

Promise me nothing. You but said
"till death"
Even with my wedding ring.
Promise me nothing, lest with my last breath
I make you promise—only everything.

Promise me nothing. One day you will buy
Another ring, you know;
Then, if the dead walk in their sleep, must I
Come shivering back and say, "I told you so."
—Titania to Horace Arnold.

The body of a woman, young and fair, and fine and fashionably clad, was found last Monday morning in the waters of the Central Park Reservoir.

The marks had all been cut away from the clothing, and even the multitude of written messages and scraps of paper found in her clothing told nothing of who she was or whence she came to that lonely spot to seek death.

In her pockets were found scraps of poetry, cards written over, and such messages as these:

Above yonder tree a bird is singing my swan song. "Good-by."—Titania.

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"Never mind who I am or why this is done. It will never be found out. I hope not."—Titania.

An Artist Who Paints Real Life in New York.

We Yankees consider ourselves pretty smart, as a rule, and certainly don't expect visitors from John Bull's little island to get ahead of us in our own land; but here is the story of an Englishman who seems to have picked up a good idea that New Yorkers have overlooked

Up in Harlem on the busy main of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, just east of Lenox avenue, a genius has come to light, and strong men and fair women alike pause in their hurried walks and join the admiring—and, in many instances, deeply-moved throng, who gaze their fill upon a large oil painting in the window of a little music and stationery store.

The subject of the picture is a gruesome one enough, and yet it appeals far more to the average New Yorker, than any ideal conception or fantastic piece of portraiture.

It shows a beautiful young woman in all the ghastly pallor of death, lying prone upon the rough planks of a typical harbor wharf. Her left arm is extended at full length by her side, and a ring shines upon one of the opened fingers. Her hair falls in a dripping, disheveled mass, and her clothes have that peculiar clinging effect which shows their evident saturation. Her other hand is held by a typical New York policeman, who, with an expression of deep pity upon his face, is hoping against hope to feel some slight evidence of her still being alive, by means of the tardy movements of her pulse.

The artist is Arthur Diehl, an Englishman, is a man of genius who has seen hard luck. But he has not let it get the better of him. He has courage and perseverance, and it looks as if he had struck a very good idea.

"The picture in the window," said Mr. Diehl, "I call 'Dead or Alive?' It is painted wholly from actualities, and this of course has a great deal to do with its naturalness. The dock or wharf represented is at Nine-[illegible]th street and the East River, and the [illegible]eman is a composite study of a number of officers. Of course, I did not have

So Lifelike They Are Like Actual Photographs.

the model with the pictured surroundings; but the Morgue and dissecting rooms gave me every opportunity for study and pose.

"My whole idea is to portray typical New York City scenes, and I have been most agreeably surprised at the amount of attention which they have attracted.

Mr. Diehl led the way to his little improvised studio in the rear of the store and produced various specimens of his craft.

Among these, and a fitting companion piece to the one in the window, was a canvas about 4x6 feet, entitled "Grief!"

The figure of a woman clad in a rich evening dress is shown in full life size, lying face down upon a lounge. Both hands are clinched tightly, and in one she holds a crumpled letter, the envelope of which has fallen to the floor. Upon the appropriate finger both wedding and engagement rings can be distinguished, and the photograph of a man placed in a dainty frame occupies a position upon a writing desk at her feet. The apartment is a typical flat parlor, and the view from the window shows it to be in the neighborhood of Central Park. The position of her body—in the uncomfortable abandon which only great grief would cause—the letter, the evening gown, and the pale morning light stealing in at the window, tell their tale far better than mere words can describe.

That Mr. Diehl is no amateur who has leaped into prominence through a lucky chance is well evidenced in the fact that he has been an artist for over eighteen years. He is an Englishman by birth, and both of his parents have attained to considerable eminence in the associated fields of music and literature. His father is Louis Diehl, the composer of "Jack's Yarn," "Going to Market" and other equally well-known and popular songs; and his mother is Alice Margold Diehl, whose novels, "The Garden of Eden," "Doctor Paul's Theory," etc., have been published and appreciated [illegible] his country, as well as in Englan[illegible]